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BELDAZZLE'S

BACHELOR "STUDIES."



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I.

HOLIDAY SAIL.

A CROSS the bay
On a holiday
A yacht the waves divided ;
Nine men were there
Without a care.
Under full sail she glided.

No holiday knew
The winds that brew

Gales on the yeasty ocean ;
And full of scowls,
Hoarse with low growls,
Storm panthers were in motion.

Beyond the bar
Sailed those afar,
Released from work-day duty ;
But towards the land,
That panther band
Leaped curves of deadly beauty.

* * * *

Keel uppermost
Adrift and lost,
At sunset a yacht was swaying ;
Pantherlike waves,
O'er watery graves,
With fiendish glee were playing.

II.

FLOW.

WHILE rose the summer evening
tide,
And through the deep twilight long contin-
ued,
A grand cloud had fondly hovered
O'er the dazzling beach ; had in a splendor
Robed itself, unknown even in the East ;
Nay, the bright and placid face of the object
Of its love, with warm tears had even ven-
tured
To bedew, without excess ; and sigh-like mur-
mured,
In a gentle wind, its yearning for companion-
ship.
Yet moved or seemed to move the beach
toward the rival sea.
Then, suddenly, as if intolerant of the
triumph

Of a rival, and while that proud competitor
The fair beach did conduct beneath the wav-
ing canopy,
In a storm of grief, of which the huddling
stars
Shrank from being witnesses, wasted itself
In sighs and tears, that cloud, for evermore.

III.

EBB.

TOGETHER, and in such sweet famil-
iarity

As doth precede a union consummate,
Had the ocean and the beach listened long
To the morning concert of the winds, as fell
the tide.

And when his betrothed elusive seemed
And prone by coquettish intervals of ab-
sence

To become indifferent, no sunlighted jewel,
No cloud-loaned hue of amethyst, beryl, or
 pearl
Was wanting on his tumultuous breast ; while
 necklaces
Of precious shells he cast upon the loved
 one.
But more and more strove the beach to be
 constant,—
In very caprice constant,—before a morning
 cloud,
Whose fresh face and well-rounded form
 served fancy to attract,
Already touched through those borrowed
 colors of the sea.
And soon, but fruitless effort did the ocean
 find to be
His striving to embrace the beach ; and so
 grew hoarse
With rage, smothered all utterance of sorrow,
 until
Far, very far away, I heard it vented in a
 moan.

IV.

NILSSON.

(Traviata).

A DEPT ! when portraying all that man-
kind feeleth

At highest points always brightest shining ;
So gifted vocally (nay with more than angel
tone,

From metal without alloy), and e'en thyself
refining

By such degree of art, that in thee a precious
loan

Auxiliary, and from voiceless statues, thy
classic beauty seemeth ;

Thou, who dost, with proud and unmatched
smile,

Brilliantly assault, at places separate,
The shining rival ranks of those immortal
nine,

Surely, how to present thyself Madonnawise
and elevate

From pure allies above, some hint is thine.

Nature paused, before thou came to being ;
and meanwhile

Her memory refreshed o'er all phases fit to
define

Emotions dreamily undefined, all rare forms,
All art-exploits achieved through discipline,
To which she had contributed, all sounds of
storms

And waves and birds and human voice com-
bining all—

Her handiwork recalling, did pause, and then,
us to inthral,

Her energies did summon, and then thee.

After, with interval, and tardily,

And on condition that thou, Nilsson, should
improve

All qualities thus grouped, to show her love,
Turned to commoner work again.

v.

OFF DUTY.

WHEN Cupid succumbed,
Quite entranced by your breath,
With arrows, your eyes he supplied.
In a deep dimple laid down,
Your fair cheek underneath,
His bow, with his foot, pushed aside.

He dreamed and forgot
The bow, in sleep over-sound,
And there at your mouth does it rest.
But for his arrows, in part,
Had a long quiver been found
A quiver right here in my breast.

VI.

TO Him for whom there are no boundaries
Between eternity and time ; whose only dial
face
Is that of nature, and He controls the sun :
Whose only calendar is "from everlasting to
everlasting
I am God"—Oh, what to Him are days
months, years ?
Animal life halts not in its routine for these,
And to Spirit Infinite they are no more than
lines
Which longitude denote upon His awful seas,
Or than those astronomers project against
His boundless skies ;
No century wherein He was not—no æon in
which He will not be ;
For Him of these, none make a past ; a
future none,
In all He is.

VII.

JENNIE.

AS grapes are hidden under leaves,
And burs the chestnuts cover,
So Jennie hides her kiss away,
Kept only for her lover.

As no diamonds at all angles shine,
Flints not always sparks discover;
So Jennie's mind best coruscates
At converse with her lover.

As music comes from strings and keys,
And sculptor's work from stony cover;
So are developed Jennie's smiles
By her great artist lover.

VIII.

DISTRUST.

PRAY well for me,"
Sighed the false sea
To a cloud of heavenly station ;
 " Mocking rage and despair,
 I cannot imitate prayer
In the depth of my desolation."

Then, as it drew near,
The cloud, losing a tear,
Said, " See proof of my sympathy ;
 If I utter no prayer,
 For you, sleek-faced there,
Blame only your treachery."

IX.

FATE OF A ROUÉ.

AN angry bee and butterfly,
Engaged in altercation,
Agreed the question to submit
To an open-faced carnation.

When they came into the court,
In midst of much confusion,
The butterfly, upon its wing,
Showed a serious contusion.

“For that I had sufficient cause,”
Buzzed the bee with acrimony,
“Because this wretch did steal from me
A quantity of honey.”

Then between the litigants
Forthwith did push her way

A blooming rose from far Castile,
Who most earnestly did say,

"A low and vulgar humbug
Is this velvet-coated bee ;
But hearken to my statement ;
It shall apparent be.

"Much has he embarrassed me,
And sought with me to flirt,
But my broad-winged duenna
Was always too alert.

"Once, too, he called the butterfly
A dark-complexioned miller,
Adding some ancestral fling
About a caterpillar.

"Devoid of proof his charge is,
An empty, vain pretence,
Whereby he would incarcerate
This, my maidenly defence."

Then instantly surged forward
A stream of varied hues,
Of silken-clad avengers,
To give that bee his dues.

The flowers they tore him wing from limb,
Impaled him on their briars,
The fragments fumigating
With indignation's fires.

These to preserve, his relatives,
In his miser-hoard, were able.
As honey, you may find it
Some day upon your table.

x.

A WARM ENGAGEMENT.

SWEET! to-night, when we were kneeling
At the organ-led Amen,
Tears across your face were stealing:
Tell me, were you happy then?"

"Ah! to me that Amen sounded
Like the seal of pledged love.
For joy I wept, that it is bounded
Only with the realms above."

XI.

THE PLEDGE.

THERE was sent to the flowers, one
morning in May,

Writ in bright colors, on the neck of a dove,
A cloud's promise to wear, ere close of the
day,

The colors worn by the rose of its love.

When that cloud sank down deep in the west,
The queen-rose, having a furtive glance
thrown

There, saw reproduced upon the cloud's
breast

All exquisite hues that had e'er been her
own.

XII.

GOOD-NIGHT.

(IN THE PARLOR.)

NOT audibly,
Howe'er I try,
Can I say
Good-night.

"Stay but an hour,
To give me power ;
I'll whisper, then,
Good-night."

(ON THE DOOR-STEP.)

"Good-night ! a long, sweet night of peace !"
"Nay, parting's pain—or agony,
Were I to say it audibly,
Must my smothered sighs release.

“In silence go ; moving slowly from my sight.
—By darkness hid thy well-known form—
I will, in love's heart-shaking storm,
I will sigh towards thee, good-night.”

XIII.

SELF-POSSESSED IN PATIENCE.

DWARF ! dwarf ! dwarf !
Was the tree's bitter sneer,
Ere spring had developed a leaf.
The shrub then became
More shrivelled and sere,
In silence concealing its grief.

Now spring's early birds
Make their sonnets and lays
To earth's rare blooms and perfumes ;
High above the tall tree,
Is resounding the praise,
Which the form of shrub-worship assumes.

XIV.

THRICE IN CHURCH.

BEFORE a pure baptismal font,
Lone, at the congregation's front,
A babe, a priest, prayer with affection warm,
Then gesture, chaste and cruciform.

The altar shakes with organ blare,
Two beings standing happy there,
Hopeful by clasp of hand in hand,
Together evermore to stand.

Again in pulpit neighborhood,
Those who inseparable stood,
The lone babe—man now—left alone,
The coffin trembling with his groan.

XV.

HIS JUSTIFICATION.

RASH, rash, you say to break my heart,
For one in which mine has no part
Or sympathy.

Does not the sea forever beat
Against the rocks, and then retreat,
Broken with pain?

Does not some storm forever bound
Against the world's unbroken round,
And waste in tears?

Do not, in heaven, forever smite
Exploding fires the shield of night,
Yet without breach?

These fires, God's sea, His awful storm,
Towards these my luckless heart does warm
In sympathy.

XVI.

TO L.

I HAD a friend whose nature, deep-enveloped
In the warfare of harsh and unexpected circumstance,
So underwent a change, that to perilous effort,
Strange, he was incited ; even to use his closet thoughts,
As they were fit the time of others to consume ;
And no other preface was it his wont to make
Save this :

“ Bold ; yes, bold. Yet no surprise.
In the glow of sensibility, between the sledge
Of censure and the anvil of misfortune,
That some, even if base, metal should be
forged
Is no surprise.”

XVII.

IN A BARBER SHOP.

WHAT, toupée! vile wig!! and viler
scratch!!!

To me! to me!! you advertise,

What strange notions you do hatch.

Among your dyes!"

"Oui, monsieur, it not so very big,

About two finger wide across,

No Frenchman make a better wig

Than my old boss."

"Pierre, at me you seek to poke

Fun, as you have not done before:

Bad thing good customers to joke;

Do so no more!"

“Oui, monsieur; not near as big a spot
As his—about your age—right there,
Looking at a cold-cream pot,
With not much hair.”

“That blasé-looking man about my age you
call!
Have you no eyes with which to see—
He's balder than a billiard ball,
Or winter tree.”

“Oui, monsieur, right here along by mine,
Upon your head please put your palm,
Where it most begins to shine—
Monsieur's not calm.”

“Look here, my boy! you are again
Shaving me as one mows a farm.
I'll have to run to catch my train,
And am too warm.”

XVIII.

CHANCE MEETING.

A N atmosphere over perfumed,
Manners too tentative,—
Is it certain that, friendly with you,
One's peace of mind could live ?

A sinuous coil in your hair,
A reptile light in your eye,—
Is it certain an unanchored heart,
Would not peril its destiny ?

Hands over diamond lit,
Dress too *décolleté*,—
Is it certain incipient trust
Would not rue introduction-day ?

XIX.

TO P.

SUCH lineaments are in thy face,
As unrequited love might trace,
Pathos writ in dusky line,
As dews, not stars, your eyes do shine.

Such shades have presence in thy mien
As Carthage witnessed in her queen ;
At times your breathing, growing high,
Unwittingly becomes a sigh.

This is thine, not my mystery.
Regard in me fond tendency
To worship the profound unknown,
And hold it ever as thine own.

XX.

TO R.

WILL you tell me of possessing
Some receptacle of treasure,
Full of fervid sighs and glances
Too impalpable to measure?

Have you some record of fractures
Caused by you in many a heart—
Ruddy spots, upon whose pages
Leave no room for graver's art?

The lineaments of your glorious face
Show of these no certain sign :
Do you hide them, as doth merit
To hide triumph oft incline?

XXI.

AT SARATOGA.

O Gilmore !
 Ally of Ar—or Argent-buckle,
 (Buckle of the silver tongue,)

 Why cease to play,
 When towards you
 She chanced to stray ?
 As well dash nectar, nor allow her sip
 From the expectant Juno's lip.

XXII.

IN NEW YORK.

WHY not call St. Paul's, Fort Wash-
 ington ?
 For here he worshipped, and here, maybe,
 Was strong and bravest. And at Fort Wash-
 ington

There is a point whereabouts the watery tide
 Does ebb and flow, as here the human—
 And as the spheric globules there do
 Shine and pass, so here the human eyes ;
 Then go to transiently mirror other scenes
 Innumerable.

XXIII.

UP AND DOWN TOWN.

A HUSBAND who makes his bids at
 the board,

A wife who harks for the key at five ;

He hurting his soul, as he gains his hoard,
 She praying that soon his love will revive.

* * * *

A husband grown as heartless as stone,

Fit now to lead a “ movement ” on
 “ change ; ”

A wife with reason at last overthrown ;

Nor angels, who love, do deem it strange.

XXIV.

AT LONG BRANCH.

IN what measure does the sea
Accompany thy revery,
Cliff echoes signalling the staves
Which mark the rhythm of the waves?

Thy drooping lid, o'er downcast eye,
Bedewed with tears a muse might cry,
Proves how pensive in its strain,
Thy soul-study's sweet refrain.

No sudden movement would beseem
The changing phases of thy dream ;
Confluent tones it must inspire,
That might employ the heavenly choir.

* * * *

As well seek boldly to intrude
Upon a wood-nymph's solitude,
Conjecturing some fairy's tone
That there enraptures her alone.

XXV.

IN A STAGE.

I HAVE often fancied that, as some faces
At first do interest, and then grow poor
and dull,
So others, that, at first, are only outline-like,
Do, longer seen, change into the glory full
Of soul-portraiture.

XXVI.

TO A STREET BAND.

MUSICIANS! much charmed am I
with your strains,
Here where man chiefly heaps up his gains ;
And eager to hear, I do tenderly doat
Upon that long-drawn bugle-note.

Yet unto lakeside and towering cliffs grand,
It may be well to carry your band."
"Cliffs! brown-stone fronts perform that part;
And water, herr: meinherr, lo, a water-
cart."

XXVII.

IN CENTRAL PARK.

NOT on Dante's "desert slope,"
Nor "impeded on her way,"
But on a downward bending path,
Near a spot where fountains play,
Beheld I, poised against the sky,
One across whose forehead fair
Scent-laden winds were lightly dashing,
Zephyr-gauging locks of hair.

My Beatrice! My Beatrice!
Such was my inward cry,
Just as a startled peacock,

Bush-hidden quite near by,
Vexed the unexpectant air with his appalling cry.

Unseen, I heard soliloquy
By her, affright and pale,
It was : " You disagreeable bird,
Proud of your gorgeous tail."

On she went unto the lake,
Unprofanely I went too,
But not too far to see her turn
Proudly her neck, and view
Her profile undulating in unconscious waters
blue.

XXVIII.

NEAR A BEACH.

DREAMILY dim, the swallow whirls ;
Dreamily dim, the combing wave
curls ;

About me, nothing but barren land—
Barren, and covered with arid sand.
Ah, that something clearly defined,
Nor arid, nor barren, I could find !
And insure its capture.

Creeds, are they wrapped in distorting mist,
Filling the voids, that doubt might assist ?
Exploits of heroes in past history's days,
About these close rolls a substanceless haze.
Ah, that something clearly defined,
Mistless and hazeless, I might find !
And press it with rapture.

Speedily, speedily unto my breast,
Truth, cameo-like, be drawn to rest,
If with outline severe, yet with beauty en-
dowed,
Fit to be shrined away from the crowd.
Look, comrades, no aridity here,
And a June-day—heaven is not more clear—
Mine, mine for the future.

XXX.

INQUEST.

FROM bright glances of the tintless stars
To rose-leaf shades of rayless hue,
My eye makes quest for these combined,
Just as they are found in you.

From tuneful sound of rippling brook
To bird-notes running the gamut through,
My ear makes quest for laugh and voice,
Like those I find in you.

From forms which fairies yield a place,
To those which fancy brings to view,
I seek in vain the nameless grace
That is found alone in you.

xxx.

PROTESTATION.

A FIRE-FLY, swinging its censer lamp,
Touched a swallow in its flight,
Who told it to the thunder-bolts,
That echoed in awful light.

A rose, in telling its dewy beads,
By a lark was seen bending down ;
She sang of its grace to emulous clouds,
That darkened the skies with their frown.

A breeze to a swaying leaf confessed,
Overheard by a bee alone,
Who its secret told to rival winds,
And then burst forth the cyclone.

XXXI.

REMONSTRANCE.

DARWIN ! Darwin ! what deadly aim
Have you taken at my vision ?
Brought down an angel human form
A subject for derision !

But the gazelle-depths of her eye
Are, from her soul, diviner.
Darwin ! Darwin ! I must think you
Humanity's maligner.

XXXII.

IN JANUARY.

O WINTRY moon,
Tell me, I pray,
What is thy fear
Or deep dismay ?

See you on earth
Each new, dead face
Bloodless become,
In unwon race ?

Is it, therefore,
White-faced there,
Aghast with fear,
You thread the air ?

XXXIII.

DIFFERENCE OF TASTE.

FAUST ! Faust ! my organ-man !
But where is your Marguerite ? ”

“ Right there, signor, see for yourself :
She comes straight up the street.”

“ What, that ? you jest, my organ-man,
Fair-haired is she, most sure,
But a mere novitiate saint would not
Look nearly so demure.”

“Then there, signor, right there,
 Upon the other side,
She who across the pavement
 Seems so fairy-like to glide.”

“Glide ! ye gods ! but see
 That mincing pony-pace,
That even Mephistopheles
 Could not compliment as grace.”

“Well now, signor, look there,
 Up on the avenue—
She has an eye that, far as this,
 Shows real Marguerite-like blue.”

“Pshaw ! pshaw ! my organ-man,
 Though unseen where you stand,
Still not less than number eight
 Wears she upon that hand.”

“You spoke of pony, good signor ;
 See in the phaeton there
A placid look, as if in fact
 Marguerite's first peace dwelt there.”

“ Placid peace ! my organ-man,
A most laughable mistake :
A face composed about as dough—
Your signora might bake.”

“ Pardon, signor ; look quickly now :
In that stage, just next the door—
There is a face, indeed, poor Faust
Might religiously adore.”

“ Loyally, you mean, my man,
Lest he should find it true ;
As sure he would, too late, that he
Was at the mercy of a shrew.”

“ Signor, you are fastidious,
No more for you I play.”
“ Well, then, my nickel-hoarding friend,
I say to you, Good-day.”

XXIV.

DIFFERENT VIEWS.

NOT of antique shield alone, the aspect
true
Depends upon the observer's point of view.

VIEW ON THAT SIDE.

Woman ! dare not to avert thine eye
From a drear and unhid vacancy,
Which thy deftly wielded hand
In loving heart and nature grand,
With slow and subtle process sure,
Has arch-wrought. Seek, seek the cure !
If of thine eye—now cold and clear—
Beams retinted in love's atmosphere,
And wistful mien shall testify
Soul-want of manly sympathy,
His, his only ; then shalt thou attain
Strength deeming light, how light, the chain,
The chain of marriage, which thy thought
Once held—again shall hold—gold-wrought.

VIEW FROM THIS SIDE.

Man ! clear vision grows dim in thee,
Else an angel presence thou should'st see ;
Not beyond nor above, but close at Thy side,
Always there to be found ; she who with
pride

Knew thee new-pledged to love and protect ;
One bowed now—yes, broken—by austere
neglect.

Yet as trodden grapes rendering rarest of
wine,

As fervid fires iron into steel do refine,
So she, as her hopes more feeble become,
Grows in sweet spirit adapted for home.
Reach, reach unto her the confiding hand,
As when, tender-hearted, you entered love's
land.

Let her lean on an arm faithfully strong
Which, as unto its socket, to her doth belong.
Then shall love's land seem boundless to thee,
And all azure-skied by sympathy.

XXXV.

AN ANSWER.

TELL me not you are no angel,
That age your protest will explain ;
Though the rose may lose its beauty,
Still its fragrance can remain.

XXXVI.

ECLIPSE OF THE ROSE.

A ROSE of the superbest bloom
Worshipped I this day.
Beyond its place in my window-seat,
Unwitting maidens stray.

Its hues aurora-like I deemed,
'Till among those maidens came
One, upon whose roseate cheek
Love's signet-blush did flame.

XXXVII.

INDISCRETION.

BOW to me," whispered the shrub to the
rose.

"Wait till next month, my cousin blows ;
Breathe on me," also said the rose in reply.
The shrub gave assurance, next month it
would try.

The breath of the shrub, and the bow of the
roses,
Had such result as champagne imposes,
For when winds of June made waves of the
clover. •
The roses and shrub were half-seas over.

XXXVIII.

OVERTHROW.

WHAT the clouds in silence gather :
What, by stealth, revives the flower :
Congealed on lofty Alpine summits,
Descends an avalanche in power.

What your heart makes dumb suggestion,
What your eyes do faintly show,
By icy speech, devoid of passion,
Beats me down as with a blow.

XXXIX.

THE ATLANTIC.

(Wrecked last night of March, 1873.)

MARCH!" cried the controller of winds
To his hosts, where humanity finds
Its limit of gaze.

March ! Then the cloud-hosts obeyed,
And by sullen looks knowledge betrayed
Of his awful commands.

He said, " Yonder ship sails fast and free.
March ! let it know command of the sea
To me sole belongs."

Then for days they with majestic step went,
Their full breasted ranks nowhere rent
Forward, but to deceive.

For while March still endured, they deployed
Thither, hither, sidewise, employed
In most stealthy approach.

The pilot beguiled—on the shores rough and
bare,
They cast that huge ship, and left all there
As prey to cold and fishes.

And when those hosts, their deadly work
through,
In silvery dress thronged along in review,
An April sun was shining.

XL.

BLESSING IN DISGUISE.

COME," I said to my friend, "and
forego
Your soul to sack with questioning vain,
Whether this or that share to buy or sell."
"So chasm-like in my life," answered he
low,
"This misfortune, that I *must* turn away
To excitement even if low, yet engaging."
Still urged I ; and to mountains we went.
And in a humid chasm, rough, high, and
gray,
As we stood, he cried, "Nothing of beauty
is here ;
Even the vine in the cleft grows so distant,
That we distinguish not the hue of its
bloom."
But both together we waited, at a point not
too near,

The afternoon's coming ; and as he seemed
to awake
To the billowlike beauty on the opposite
slopes,
Wrapped in halo which dimmed but soft-
tinted
Vast uncouthness, *both* knew that to make
The scene acquiescent with a spirit of peace
And of beauty, the mist from the chasm
Proceeded.

XLI.

HE is the brother of girls," the Arabi-
ans say,
When the mind is unsullied and pure as the
day.
"God grant each man sisters"—be every
man's prayer,
"As long as humanity partakes of Thy care."

XLII.

PUTS summer in the veins," says the
poet, of wine.

But, as against this, answers a good friend of
mine,

"Hark to each summons at Bacchus' call,
And he will incline you towards next fall."

XLIII.

TO DOROTHEA.

IN temple-study am I engaged,
Yet am not an antiquary ;
The temple many a victim has,
Still I am not a missionary.

The drapery of this temple falls
With shining curves and folds ;
Within, upon a starred throne
Reason a quiet seat holds.

Its arches holy fires o'erbend,
And those veins about the shrine,
The peace which there forever dwells
In purity's colors entwine.

No false god, no domain of sin,
Therefore demand correction ;
Where, in fond hopes, my inmost self
Worships, nor fears objection.

Stay ! while I seemed in mood to jest,
Lo, my lips do shake with feeling ;
Your temple makes a devotee,
And not far off I am kneeling.

XLIV.

WE are such stuff as dreams are made
of,"

Thus Shakespeare did declare.
If this be so, a snarling wife
Must be a bad nightmare.

For tears, even those shed, not when we
grieve,
For hopes, even those that escape not our
breath,
May be a river near by that we do not per-
ceive,
Whirls the mocking-voiced waters of
death.

XLVI.

BREACH OF PROMISE.

A ROSE unto a violet said,
As they laid together in their bouquet-
bed,
“Lend me some odor in the coming night,
And I will give you color bright.”

Then the violet, through the darkened room,
Flooded the air with sweet perfume.
Yet rose and violet were clad as before
When darkness into the daylight wore.

XLVII.

SUNDAY ON FIFTH AVENUE.

THINK you that He who chose the day
for rest,
Is better pleased that you feel better dressed?
Will He who made
“*Going about doing good*” this life’s walk,
Approve a crowd straight-marching in pa-
rade?

XLVIII.

IN THE SNOW.

HOW I wonder
As you go,
Lightly tripping
Through the snow.

Berries, out of season now,
 There red-ripe could not become,
Yet your lips are such, I trow.

Damask rose in vain would seek,
 Surely, there, its vital warmth,
Yet its blush is in your cheek.

Of bated lustre they must flame
 Love's fires divine, if there they fall,
Yet your eyes shine quite the same.

How I wonder
 As you go,
Rare things grouping
 On the snow.

XLIX.

SERVANT-HUNTING.

ONE day into the garden,
In a capacious, hollowed pearl,
A fairy drove, and put the flowers
In an unexpected whirl.

She came with the young fairylets,
She said, an attendant to choose,—
A magnificent fellow, fit
To wear her footman's shoes.

The morning-glory had been such,
But was going to perdition,
Each morning drinking too much dew,
And by noon in poor condition.

She found the flowers quite willing
While down the paths she ranged,
And an accommodating family
One of their members changed.

Hence one finds the tiger-lily,
With his use of velveteen,
His spotted coat, and *blasé* look,
As though he ne'er were green.

And if he takes much dew also,
As somewhat is suspected,
Still by his coarse companions
Is he very much respected.

L.

AT ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

WHY should love like yours observe
the date
Of that season when birds are said to mate.
As well might rushing stars observe the line
At which they come within our view ; or cat-
aracts

The boundaries which are drawn upon the
 shore,
Or the winds those that geographers define,
Or all-extending heaven, in its sweep, that
 small part
Of God's universe where men as mortals start
Towards love eternal.

LI.

SPRING-WIND.

AH, darling breath, so long unknown,
Across what homeless spaces blown
Come you to me?

My winter-worn, yet kindling, breast
Receives you as some omen blest
With ecstasy.

LII.

TWILIGHT.

SOMEWHERE from her proper realms
Issued—all beautified with stars—night,
To meet her lord, the day ; and while
To such as suits cathedral aisles, the light
Grew dim, majestic ocean tones did solemnize
their union.

LIII.

CLOUDS.

TO hear the angel choirs
Far above our sight,
In silvery robes the clouds
Throng the aisles of light.

And though they disappear,
The strains that each one hears
Are reminders of us absent,
For they come again in tears.

LIV.

UNANSWERED.

NO fondness in her eye,
No bloom on yonder tree;
This makes my aspiration die,
That is fit for vacancy.

No feeling in her smile,
No warmth from yonder star;
This my grief cannot beguile,
That will always be afar.

No trembling on her face,
No bend in yonder shore ;
This for hope doth yield no place,
That so harsh for evermore.

No low reply on her dear breath,
No stir on yonder sea ;
This to me is unloved death,
That the scene of wreck shall be.

LV.

DAWN.

FAR travelled day to solace night's regret
For the wan stars who fled at his approach ;
His new-found treasures in the eastern sky
did set,
Shed dewy tears, and kissed her in the dawn.

LVI.

FIRE AT SEA.

AS trusting babes do motherwards from
danger flee,
So fled they from the ship devoured by
flame ;
Yet all famished and emaciate they became
Upon the deep, unnurturing bosom of the sea.

LVII.

AFTER CAREW.

ASK me no more, where the sunset rays
Oe'rflow the boundaries of the days,
For the golden flood has touched your hair,
And left its warmest color there.

Ask me no more, where the sparkling dew
Departs, as stealing, from our view ;
Re-fallen, it is found beneath your brows,
And there with diamond-lustre glows.

Ask me no more, where the blue is driven
Which wild storms expel from heaven ;
For where your veins their courses trace
The azure finds harmonious place.

Ask me no more, where the echoes roam,
Why, going forth sweetly, they turn not home ;
For the harmonious accents of your voice
Leave them but a divided choice.

Ask me no more, where the ripples throng,
When the brook noiseless stealeth along ;
For your joyous laugh gains at its cost,
From nature's music nothing is lost.

Ask me no more, where the sunlight glides
Which shades steal towards on mountain-
sides ;

Like chequered course it seems to trace
When smiles chase smiles across your face.

Ask me no more, where melts away
The crimson flush of deepening day ;
For the damask of your cheek doth owe
To morning's loss its warmest glow.

L V I I I.

BLUE AND BROWN.

TO vary them from the violet's hue
Nature dyed your eyes a deeper blue ;
And then, to reconcile the flower,
She gave those eyes a mirror's power.

To vary your eyes from the orbs of night,
Since all were filled with starry light,
A leaf its autumn color gave,
And the light became an amber wave.

LIX.

SUGGESTED BY AN OPERA.

VOICE ! that utterest thy first tone
When other senses are complete,
O voice that yet art over-fleet
To go ere life itself is gone !
In thine own home there sure must dwell
Sounds that please the Godhead well.

Thou dost compass on the earth
Hate, joy, love, and ecstacy,
Wrath, fear, scorn, and irony,
All of sorrow—all of mirth.
In thine own home there sure must dwell
Sounds that please the Godhead well.

Voice ! though thou hold it little gain
Such sway to have in this cold sphere,
Tell me, tell me, even here,
That I shall surely catch thy strain,

'Mid sounds that please the Godhead well,
Whose harmony no tongue can tell.

LX.

AT A GRAVE.

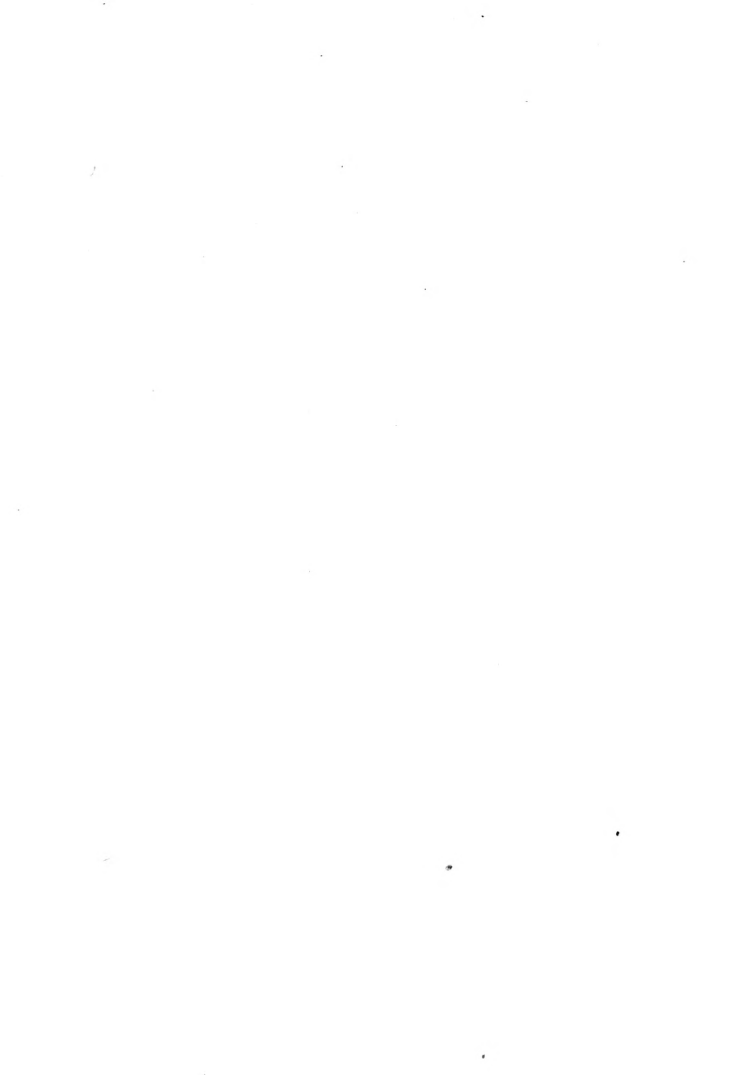
FAR away where ocean rages,
When no other ear was near,
Thy most precious "Rock of Ages,"
I have often seemed to hear.

Oh, if but some mighty river,
Sounding in this twilight dim,
Here did run and seem to quiver,
Through thy soul-assuring hymn.

Nay, some brook, did it but pass,
Music-taught of mountain pines,
Might evoke, from reeds and grass,
Sounds suggesting those dear lines.

But, though this sorrow well may fear
Grief's sole rule when all is still,
The monotones are all I hear,
Of a desolate whippoorwill.

THE END.



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